

Production No. 8F10

The Simpsons

"I Married Marge"

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TABLE DRAFT

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NOTE: FOR TABLE READ ONLY

"I MARRIED MARGE"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER
BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH
PATTY.....JULIE KAVNER
SELMA.....JULIE KAVNER
GRAMPA.....DAN CASTELLANETA
BARNEY.....DAN CASTELLANETA
MOE.....HANK AZARIA
BURNS.....HARRY SHEARER
SMITHERS.....HARRY SHEARER
MOTHER.....JULIE KAVNER
DR. HIBBERT.....HARRY SHEARER
MR. THORSON.....HARRY SHEARER
JOHN FORSYTHE.....DAN CASTELLANETA
ANGEL.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
PATIENT.....HANK AZARIA
DISC JOCKEY.....HARRY SHEARER
MANAGER.....HANK AZARIA
CLERK.....HANK AZARIA
DORIS.....DORIS GRAU

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JUSTICE OF THE PEACE....HARRY SHEARER
GROOM.....DAN CASTELLANETA
RADIO ANNOUNCER.....HARRY SHEARER
APPLICANT #1.....HANK AZARIA
APPLICANT #2.....HARRY SHEARER
TOURIST KID.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT
TOURIST DAD.....DAN CASTELLANETA
BOSS.....HANK AZARIA
ELDERLY LADY.....YEARDLEY SMITH
SPEAKER.....HARRY SHEARER
REPO MAN.....HANK AZARIA
DRIVER.....HARRY SHEARER

I MARRIED MARGE

BY

JEFF MARTIN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATE MORNING

TIGHT on a shot of "Barnacle Bill's Home Pregnancy Test". The logo is a wizened old sailor with a corncob pipe in his mouth and a sly smile.

MARGE (V.O.)

Homer, shouldn't we have gone with a better-known brand?

HOMER (V.O.)

But Marge, this one came with a free corncob pipe.

PULL BACK to reveal HOMER with a corncob pipe in his mouth. A worried MARGE is using an eyedropper to put some liquid in a test tube. It turns a bluish color.

MARGE

Let's see... (READING BOX) "Ahoy maties! If the water turns blue, a baby for you. If purple ye see, no baby thar be".

HOMER

Well, what color is it? Blue or purple?

MARGE

Uh... sort of indigo.

HOMER

What's indigo?

MARGE

Kind of a bluish purple.

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

MARGE

(GETTING UP) I guess I better go see

Dr. Hibbert and get a blood test.

Marge kisses Homer on the cheek and exits. Homer numbly watches her through the window. BART, LISA and MAGGIE come up to Homer.

BART

Hey, Homer, how come Mom's going to the doctor?

LISA

Is anything wrong?

HOMER

(DISTRACTED) No, everything's fine.

Your mother just, uh, broke her leg.

LISA

What?

BART

I smell a bun in the oven.

LISA

(TO HOMER) Is Mom gonna have another baby, Dad?

HOMER

(PAUSE) Maybe.

Bart and Lisa **AD-LIB**: "Wow!" "All right!", etc.

BART

(PATTING HOMER ON BACK) You're a machine, Homer.

LISA

Did you hear that Maggie? Another baby in the house.

BART

Cool, we can race 'em.

HOMER

Sure, for you a baby's all fun and games. For me, it's diaper changes and midnight feedings.

BART

Doesn't Mom do that stuff?

HOMER

Yeah, but I have to hear about it.

LISA

Were you this cool the first time Mom told you she was pregnant?

HOMER

(SHORT LAUGH) Are you kidding? I
almost went in my pants. (FOND SIGH)
... It all happened at the beginning
of that turbulent decade known as the
'80's.

Homer gestures with his hands for the kids to sit down and
listen to his story.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Those were idealistic days... The
candidacy of John Anderson, the rise
of Supertramp, the whole "Who Shot
J.R." thing... It was an exciting
time to be young!

RIPPLE DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. FUN CENTER - EARLY EVENING - 1981

PAN across "Sir Putt-A-Lot's Merrie Ole Fun Center" mini
golf course.

HOMER (V.O.)

For several years I'd been dating
your mother and working at the local
fun center.

MR. THORSON knocks on the windmill door. It opens to
reveal 24-year-old not-yet-bald-or-fat Homer, cheerfully
turning the crank that turns the windmill blades.

MR. THORSON

Homer, you're turning the blades too
fast. The golfers are complaining.
Slow down!

Homer slows down.

MR. THORSON (CONT'D)

That's better. Ah, beautiful. Keep
this up and someday you'll be the guy
who hands out putters.

HOMER

Yes, sir.

EXT. HOMER'S CAR - LATER

Homer happily drives down a Springfield street. His junky
old car has a "DISCO SUCKS" bumper sticker. He pulls up at
Marge's house.

HOMER (V.O.)

I was 24 years old, with a beautiful
girlfriend and a job with a future...

RIPPLE DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - PRESENT

HOMER

Yes sir, I had life by the... Hey!

Homer sees the kids are playing "Clue".

BART

Colonel Mustard in the Billiard Room
with the lead pipe.

HOMER

You're supposed to be listening to my
story!

BART

I thought it was over.

LISA

It's not our fault we have short
attention spans, Dad. Too much
television-watching has produced an
entire generation of zombies.

HOMER

(WITH QUIET SEVERITY) Don't you ever,
ever talk that way about television.

Not as long as you live in this
house, not even as a joke.

(GRUMBLING) Lousy, ungrateful...

Can't keep their, uh... (DISTRACTED)

whaddyacallit... minds... on
anything...

Homer's gaze falls on a picture of Marge, PATTY and SELMA
smiling.

RIPPLE DISSOLVE
TO:

INT. BOUVIER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING - 1981

As soon as the picture is taken Patty and Selma reach off-
screen for lit cigarettes and start smoking.

PATTY/SELMA

(SATISFIED SMOKING SOUNDS) Umm... Oh
yeah...

SFX: HORN HONKING

MARGE

It's Homer!

PATTY

(GRUNTS) I don't know what you see in
that ugly meatball.

SELMA

Uh-huh. If you like being pawed by
something fat and lazy, we could get
a cat.

MOTHER

(HOARSE) It'd leave less hair on the
couch.

The sisters and MOTHER share a nasty **CHUCKLE**.

MARGE

(A LITTLE TESTY) You don't know Homer
like I do. He's sensitive and sweet.

SFX: PERSISTENT HONKING

HOMER (O.S.)

Marge, get your butt out here!

Marge **MURMURS** and exits.

INT. HOMER'S CAR - A LITTLE LATER

Homer has his arm around Marge as they drive along. Pink
Floyd's "Another Brick in the Wall" is on the radio. After
a moment, Homer snaps it off.

HOMER

Music sure has sucked since the mid-
'70's.

MARGE

Homer, do you ever think about the
future?

HOMER

You mean like will apes be our
masters?

MARGE

No, I mean how you plan to earn a
living. I can't imagine that job of
yours is very stimulating.

HOMER

But it gives me time to think.

MARGE

(COYLY) Oh? What do you think about?

HOMER

(SHRUGS) Nothin'.

There is a long pause. Marge frowns.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(HASTILY) I mean I think about you,
Marge!

MARGE

I think about you, too.

Marge puts her head on Homer's shoulder as they drive.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

Homer and Marge wait in line to see "The Empire Strikes
Back".

MARGE

Homer, sometimes I think you have the
Peter Pan Syndrome.

HOMER

(DEFENSIVE) I like chicks.

MARGE

It means you're afraid of growing up.

HOMER

I'm not afraid of growing up. I just
don't wanna, and nobody can make me.

They walk into the theater past a cut-out from the movie.

MATCH DISSOLVE
TO:

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - TWO HOURS LATER

Marge and Homer exit the movie past people waiting in line
for the next show.

HOMER

Wow, who'd have thought Darth Vader
was Luke Skywalker's father.

The people in line **AD-LIB** "Hey!", "Thanks a lot buddy".
Homer happily looks at Marge.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Marge, you're as pretty as Princess
Leia and as smart as Yoda.

MARGE

Oh, Homer.

They kiss.

EXT. FUN CENTER - NIGHT

A few people are playing mini-golf. PAN to the castle
"Free Game" hole. We hear **GIGGLING**.

INT. FREE GAME CASTLE - CONTINUOUS

Homer and Marge are inside, holding champagne glasses.

HOMER

(GRANDLY) Someday I'll buy you a real castle!

MARGE

You don't have to do that.

HOMER

(RELIEVED) Phew. Good. (SMOOTHLY)

More champale?

They drink a little. Marge brushes up against Homer.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(A LITTLE NERVOUS) Listen Marge, do you still want to...

MARGE

(NERVOUS) If you still want to...

HOMER

Of course I still want to.

They kiss.

EXT. FREE GAME CASTLE - CONTINUOUS

MARGE (V.O.)

What if we get caught?

HOMER (V.O.)

Don't worry. This castle is impregnable!

CLOSE UP on a mini-golf ball rolling into the hole. The "Free Game" sign lights up and a bell RINGS.

INT. BARNEY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Homer is sitting with BARNEY in Barney's crummy bachelor apartment.

HOMER

Pass the cookie dough.

Barney passes Homer a packaged tube of raw cookie dough.
Homer munches on it as they watch "Charlie's Angels".

JOHN FORSYTHE (V.O.)

Well, Angels, I don't have any
mission for you this week. Why don't
you just hit the beach?

ANGEL (V.O.)

(SULTRY) Thanks, Charlie.

HOMER/BARNEY

(BARKING NOISES)

The phone RINGS.

HOMER

Y'ello... Oh, hi Marge... Uh, okay,
I'll be right there.

EXT. BURGER JOINT - AFTERNOON

Homer drives up to the burger joint where Marge works. She
skates over in her carhop outfit.

MARGE

I need you drive me to the doctor,
Homer. I'm late.

HOMER

Ah, they just make you sit in the
waiting room anyway.

MARGE

No, I mean that unforgettable night
we... joined the Castle Club...

(WHISPERS IN HOMER'S EAR)

HOMER

(WIDE-EYED) Oh.

INT. DR. HIBBERT'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

A younger DR. HIBBERT with a huge Afro, sits behind his desk. Marge and Homer sit across from him. (Use footage from "The Way We Was".)

DR. HIBBERT

Well, Miss Bouvier. I think we found
the reason why you've been throwing
up in the morning. (VENTURING)
Congratulations.

HOMER

(EXTREMELY ANNOYED GRUNT)

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A PATIENT in a full body cast with lots of intravenous hook-ups overhears Homer's **ANNOYED GRUNT** as it echoes through the hospital.

PATIENT

Poor guy.

INT. DR. HIBBERT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MARGE

What are we gonna do?

DR. HIBBERT

Now, it's not the end of the world.
Why don't you discuss this with your
parents?

HOMER

(WHINY) Because they're gonna yell at
us.

INT. BOUVIER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Marge is confronted by her sisters and mother. Her mother
stares at a photo of Marge's father -- a smiling PRISON
GUARD holding a gun. There is a CHAIN GANG behind him.

MOTHER

Thank God your father was killed in
that prison riot so he doesn't have
to hear this.

PATTY

Marge, that boyfriend of yours is a
homely boob.

SELMA

Uh-huh. You'd be crazy to marry him.

INT. GRAMPA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

GRAMPA talks to Homer.

GRAMPA

Son, you're a homely boob. You'd be
crazy not to marry her!

HOMER

You think so?

GRAMPA

Absolutely! (LAUGHS) You lucky bum!
The fish jumped right in the boat.
All you gotta do is whack her with
the oar.

HOMER

But Dad, I don't know how to ask her.
I never get these things right.

GRAMPA

Don't worry, Homer. When the time
comes you'll know just what to say.

HOMER

How?

GRAMPA

Because you'll write it down on a
card!

INT. HOMER'S CAR - INSPIRATION POINT - NIGHT

Homer and Marge are back in the parked car.

MARGE

(TROUBLED MURMUR) Homer, I'm so
confused... I just wish I knew what
the future held.

CLOSE-UP HOMER

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. EUROPEAN CASTLE TERRACE - THE FUTURE - DAY

A middle-aged Homer wearing an ascot, with a full head of well-coiffed gray hair a la John Forsythe, sits with an older beautiful Marge on his lap. He speaks into an intercom.

HOMER

Nice work, Angels. Now, if you'll
excuse me, I've got my hands full.

Homer and Marge kiss.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOMER'S CAR - NIGHT

Homer has a dreamy smile as he comes out of his reverie.
He turns to Marge.

HOMER

I've got a feeling the future's gonna
be just fine. (TAKES HER HAND) And
now there's something I want to ask
you.

MARGE

(NERVOUS SMILE) Yes, Homie?

Homer reaches into his pocket with his free hand.

HOMER

Marge, I... (SEARCHING) Damn it,
where's that card?

MARGE

What card?

HOMER

(LOOKING UNDER SEAT) I wrote down
what I was gonna say on a card.
Stupid thing must have fallen out of
my pocket.

Homer GRUNTS with exertion as he twists around to look for
it in the back seat; his butt bobs up and down. Marge
looks down and picks up a card at her feet.

MARGE

Is this it?

HOMER

(FROM BACK SEAT) What's it say?

CLOSE-UP MARGE

MARGE

(READING WITH BUILDING EMOTION)

"Marge, that's a nice dress you're wearing. But you always look beautiful. I don't have much to offer you... except all my love, till the day I die. Will you marry me?"

HOMER

(BLANDLY) That's the card. Give it here.

MARGE

(OVERCOME) Oh, Homer, this is the most beautiful moment of my life!

WIDE ANGLE - Homer's head is in the backseat, a foot is caught in the steering wheel, and his butt is pressed against the roof of the car. He struggles back into his seat, short of breath but ardent.

HOMER

So... will you marry me?

There is a pause.

MARGE

(SMILING) Yes.

HOMER

Woo hoo!... etc.

EXT. HOMER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

WIDE SHOT Homer **HOLLERS, HONKS** the horn and flashes the lights.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Homer is on the couch, still in a reverie. Bart has a dart gun and hands Homer a rubber tipped dart.

BART

Hey Homer, I can't get the rubber tip
off this dart.

Homer pulls the tip off with his teeth.

HOMER

(GRUNTS, THEN) There you go.

BART

Wow. I bet this could go right
through the TV.

Bart fires the dart. It **BOUNCES** harmlessly off the TV.

BART (CONT'D)

(DISGUSTED) Eh.

LISA

Dad, if the new baby is a girl, can
we name her Ariel?

BART

(GAME SHOW BUZZER SOUND) I'm sorry,
the baby's name will be Kool Moe Dee
Simpson.

LISA

Ariel.

BART

Kool Moe Dee.

LISA

Ariel.

BART

Kool Moe Dee.

HOMER

(FONDLY) Heh heh... Ah, you two are
bringing back a lot of memories...

CLOSE UP - HOMER'S DREAMY EXPRESSION

BEGIN DISSOLVE:

LISA

Ariel.

BART

Kool Moe Dee.

HOMER

Shut up!

Homer goes back into his reverie.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BABY STORE - DAY - 1981

Marge and Homer are buying baby items. Homer is pushing a stroller loaded with a bassinet, bottles, etc.

MARGE

Homer, I've been thinking. If the
baby's a boy, what do you think of
the name Larry?

HOMER

(APPALLED) Marge, we can't do that!
All the kids'll call him Larry Fairy.

MARGE

Oh. Well, how about Louie?

HOMER

They'll call him Screwie Louie.

RAPIDLY:

MARGE

Bob?

HOMER

Slob.

MARGE

Melvin?

HOMER

Smelvin... Jeez!

Homer points to a dinky little baby shirt then to his own shirt.

HOMER (CONT'D)

How can this cost more than this?

INT. JEWELRY STORE - SAME DAY

Marge and Homer shop for a ring.

MARGE

Ricky?

HOMER

Icky.

MARGE

Kirk?

HOMER

Jerk.

MARGE

Dick?

HOMER

Dick.

MARGE

Well, what about Homer?

HOMER

(COUNTING ON FINGERS) Homely, Hobo,
Gomer, Boner... (SPYING RING) Wow!
(TO CLERK) I'll take that ring!

CLERK

And how will you be paying for it?

HOMER

(SMALL) I don't know.

EXT. MOE'S TAVERN - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

Moe's Tavern has a "GRAND OPENING" banner out front.

INT. MOE'S TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

Barney and Homer are seated at the bar. Homer looks gloomy as Barney reads from a very large, heavy book entitled "10,001 WEDDING LAFFS."

BARNEY

Hey, Homer, you know what a honeymoon
is? That's the time between "I do"
and "You'd better!" Haw haw... What
a great bachelor party!

HOMER

(GLOOMY) Honeymoon. I can't afford
a honeymoon. Can you believe it?
Fifty bucks for a wedding dress.
(BANGS ON BAR) Could I get a beer
over here?

MOE approaches.

MOE

Let's see some I.D., kids.

HOMER

(GRUMBLES, COMPLIES) Last time I
come in this dump.

BARNEY

Cherry soda, please.

HOMER

Come on! Have a beer for once.

BARNEY

Nah, no telling where that'll lead.

HOMER

Come on.

BARNEY

Okay, one.

Moe hands Barney a beer. He **SIPS** it.

BARNEY (CONT'D)

Hey! Where have you been all my
life?

Barney **CHUGS** it in a second.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NEXT MORNING

Homer, in a suit, and Marge in a wedding dress, drive down a lovely stretch of highway, sheltered by a natural bower of apple blossoms. We hear **BEAUTIFUL MUSIC**.

The mood is abruptly shattered as the car crosses the state line and we see Plato's Casino. The car **PULLS UP** in front of the "Lucky 7 Wedding Chapel," a cruddy Vegas-style chapel attached to Plato's.

INT. WEDDING CHAPEL - DAY

The "chapel" is just a dingy room with wood panelling. A **NOISY** air conditioner **BLOWS** ribbons. In the background we hear **SLOT MACHINES**. Marge, in her wedding dress, is definitely showing. She and Homer consult with DORIS, the cigarette-smoking clerk.

DORIS

Basic ceremony's twenty bucks.

Extras cost extra.

Doris hands them a form offering: **BOUQUET, MUSIC, LONG SERVICE, PHOTO, CHAMPAGNE**.

MARGE

What's the long service?

DORIS

Reverend on duty says a few words about love everlasting, two souls joined as one, blah blah blah. Takes four minutes instead of two.

MARGE

Just the basic ceremony, please.

DORIS

Sure you don't want champagne? We supply the can opener.

Doris holds up a can opener.

INT. CHAPEL - LATER

Homer and Marge wait their turn in the background as a JUSTICE OF THE PEACE marries a trailer-park COUPLE. The groom has big sideburns, a Peterbilt cap, and a butt going. The bride looks sullen.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

Cletus, do you take Aline to be your
lawful wedded wife?

GROOM

Yuh.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

Done. (YELLS) Next.

PAN BACK to Homer and Marge.

MARGE

(LOOKING UP) There certainly are a
lot of stains on the ceiling.

HOMER

Marge, are we doing the right thing?

Marge takes Homer's arm.

MARGE

Homer, I'd be lying if I said that
this is how I pictured my wedding
day... But you are how I pictured my
husband.

HOMER

(BRIGHTENING) I am?

MARGE

Well, you may not look like Ted
Bessell, but you're just as nice.

They smile at each other for a beat. Doris **PLAYS** the **WEDDING MARCH** on a Casio mini-organ in Bossa Nova time.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

Dearly beloved, we are gathered here
in the sight of God and this casino
to join...

He points at Homer and makes a **CLICKING** sound with his tongue.

HOMER

Homer.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

... and...

He points at Marge and makes a **POPPING** sound.

MARGE

Marge.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

... in holy matrimony. Beautiful.

PAN UP to a dice clock reading noon.

DISSOLVE TO:

Same clock reading 12:03.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

Do you, Marjorie Bouvier, take Homer
J. Simpson to be your lawful wedded
husband?

MARGE

I do.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

Homer, same question with the names reversed.

HOMER

I do.

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE

Then, by the power vested in me by the state gaming commission, I pronounce you man and wife. Here's ten dollars worth of chips, you may kiss the bride. Next!

Marge and Homer KISS.

FREEZE WEDDING PHOTO.

INT. DARKENED ROOM - NIGHT

PULL BACK from wedding photo, encased in a handsome "Lucky 7 Wedding Chapel" gambling-themed frame, sitting on a nighttable. Homer and Marge have red eyes in the picture, and the tops of their heads are cropped off. Marge is in a nightgown, Homer is wearing pajamas and has his head on a pillow. They look at the photo and turn to each other.

MARGE

What a perfect day.

Marge SWITCHES OFF the nighttable lamp. Homer SIGHS happily in the darkness.

HOMER

Our first night together as man and wife.

We hear Marge give a contented MURMUR. Suddenly, the lights come on.

PATTY

Hey! Lovebirds! Keep it down!

We see that Homer is lying on the Bouvier's living room couch. Marge is sitting on a chair next to him. Patty has turned on the lights at the top of the stairs.

INT. BOUVIER HOUSE - MARGE'S ROOM - MORNING

Marge is at the desk, **PUNCHING NUMBERS** into a calculator. Homer has finished assembling the baby's crib, and is attaching a mobile that features 52 rotating heads.

HOMER

Look, Marge, the freed Iranian
hostages!

Homer **WINDS IT UP**. The heads slowly rotate and we **HEAR** a music-box version of "Tie a Yellow Ribbon."

HOMER (CONT'D)

Heh heh...

MARGE

(WORRIED) Homer, I don't see how we
can afford all these things on your
salary... Have you thought about
applying at the nuclear power plant?
I hear they pay pretty well.

HOMER

Hm. And the exposure to radiation
could give me super powers.

EXT. POWER PLANT - ESTABLISHING - DAY

INT. POWER PLANT - PERSONNEL OFFICE - DAY

PULL BACK from a sign reading "NOW HIRING" to Homer in a suit and tie, nervously sitting with two confident, can-do **APPLICANTS**. The **MUZAK** coming over the intercom abruptly **STOPS**.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

We interrupt this broadcast to bring
you a special bulletin. This
morning, the nuclear facility at
Three Mile Island --

SMITHERS hurries in and shuts it off. He then looks over
at the three applicants.

SMITHERS

We only have two openings, so I'm
afraid one of you will have to go
home empty-handed... (RECOGNIZING
APPLICANT #1) But it won't be my old
frat buddy, Lou Collier. How ya
doin', you old Sigma Tau!

APPLICANT #1

Smithers, you keg-meister, you.

Applicant #1 and Smithers do a complicated fraternity
handshake.

APPLICANT #2

Hey, I'm from the Alabama Chapter!

All three **LAUGH** together, continue the fraternity
handshakes, and **SLAP** each other on the back. They become
aware of Homer sitting alone.

SMITHERS

(GOING THROUGH A FORMALITY) Well,
let's get on with the testing.

Smithers exits with his arms around his two fraternity
brothers. They sing their fraternity song.

SMITHERS/APPLICANTS

(SINGING) Roll on, roll on, Sigma

Tau -- (SPOKEN) Bow wow wow wow

Bow wow wow wow...

Homer, tagging behind, tries vainly to join in.

INT. DR. HIBBERT'S OFFICE

We see an Ultra-sound transducer tastefully placed over Marge's womb. PAN UP to a monitor where we see a little BART FETUS with the trademark spiky hair. Bart is lying casually, then rolls over.

DR. HIBBERT

If I didn't know better, I'd swear he
was trying to moon us.

INT. POWER PLANT - OFFICE - LATER

It's the personal interview portion of the testing.

SMITHERS

(READING) "What would each of you
say is your worst quality?"

APPLICANT #1

(INSTANTLY) I'm a workaholic.

APPLICANT #2

I push myself too hard.

HOMER

(THINKING) Well... It takes me a
long time to learn anything... I'm
kind of a goof-off...

SMITHERS

That'll do.

HOMER

... Little stuff starts disappearing
from the workplace.

SMITHERS

That's enough! (NEXT QUESTION) "How
would you react if there was a
problem with the reactor?"

HOMER

(PANICKY) There's a problem with the
reactor?! (YELLS) We're all gonna
die!!!

INT. BOUVIER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - EVENING

Marge unhappily goes over bills stamped "OVERDUE", "SECOND
NOTICE", and "PLEASE REMIT". The sisters are reading
magazines. Homer, his shoulders slumped, enters and sinks
into the couch.

MARGE

Homer! Did you get the job?

PATTY

(SNORTS) 'Course he didn't.

SELMA

Look at his body language.

MARGE

Oh, Homie, I'm sorry.

PATTY

Why couldn't you marry someone like
Daddy?

SELMA

He never missed a day of work, and he
died in the line of duty.

HOMER

(UNDER HIS BREATH) "Line of duty"...
The guy sat down on his tear gas gun
at a ball game... real hero.

PATTY

What did you say?

HOMER

I said I'll get a job tomorrow.

EXT. "OLDE SPRINGFIELD TOWNE" - ESTABLISHING

We see a model colonial village. A carriage with TOURISTS
passes in the b.g.

INT. YE OLD CANDLEMAKER SHOP - DAY

Homer, dressed in Colonial garb (tricorner hat, breeches),
demonstrates candlemaking to a TOURIST FAMILY. The parents
have cameras.

HOMER

... And when ye tallow hardens, we
remove it from yon mold.

Homer produces an extremely lumpy, misshapen candle. The
tourist kid starts CRYING.

TOURIST KID

What a crappy candle!

TOURIST DAD

You've ruined our vacation!

EXT. "OLDE SPRINGFIELD TOWNE" - STOCKADE - A LITTLE LATER

Homer is in the stocks. His BOSS, dressed in the garb of a
Colonial landowner, chews him out.

BOSS

... And another thing, you're fired!

The boss exits. Another TOURIST KID kicks Homer in the butt.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - DAY

Homer, holding a sample case of CUT-MO knives, **RINGS** a **DOORBELL**. A pleasant **ELDERLY LADY** answers.

ELDERLY LADY

Oh, hello, young man.

HOMER

(SMOOTHLY) Good evening, Madame. In 1973, the good people of Cut-Mo invented the Nev-R-Dull knife-edge, and their discovery is your good fortune. Here... shake hands with the Cut-Mo.

Homer extends the sample knife to her, blade first. She grasps it and **SCREAMS**.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Handle first, handle first...

INT. MEETING ROOM - NIGHT

Homer attends a "MILLIONS FOR NOTHING" seminar. The high-energy **SPEAKER** bounds up on stage.

SPEAKER

Hey, who wants to get rich today?

Enthusiastic **APPLAUSE**.

HOMER

(HOLLERING) Me! Me!

SPEAKER

First, let me assure you that this is
not one of those shady "pyramid
schemes" you've been hearing about.

He puts a chart on an overhead projector.

SPEAKER (CONT'D)

Our model is a trapezoid that
guarantees each investor an 800%
return within two --

SFX: POLICE SIREN

SPEAKER (CONT'D)

The cops!

He unhesitatingly **DIVES THROUGH** the nearest window.

INT. BOUVIER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Homer and Marge go through more bills.

MARGE

(NEAR PANIC) "Fourth Notice"... "90
Days Overdue"... "Hey Deadbeat"...
Homer, what are we going to do?

HOMER

(HOLDING HEAD) I don't know, I don't
know --

Homer glances out the window. Parked at the curb is a
truck with "MOBILE REPOSSESSION" written on the side. He
SHRIEKS. The doorbell **RINGS**. Homer opens the door and
pleads with the **REPO MAN**.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Please don't repossess the baby's
mobeel. I love it! It plays "Tie a
Yellow Ribbon..."

REPO MAN

(VERY PLEASANT) Mobeel? What are
you... (LOOKS AT TRUCK, CHUCKLES)
Oh, I get it. That's pronounced
mobile repossession, sir.

(REASSURING) Don't worry, nobody's
taking your mobeel.

HOMER

Phew! That's a relief.

REPO MAN

(CHUCKLING, PAUSE) I do have to take
all the other baby things, though.

HOMER

(MOANS)

REPO MAN

And the lady's ring, I'm afraid.

Marge **GASPS**.

MARGE

(ABOUT TO CRY) Oh dear...

Marge quickly hands over the wedding ring and runs
upstairs. Homer and the Repo Man look after her.

REPO MAN

Repossessing stuff is the hardest
part of my job.

INT. BOUVIER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - 2:00 A.M.

The house is quiet. Homer lies on the couch and stares at the ceiling, looking wide-awake and miserable. After a moment, he gets up and walks over to a desk. Homer takes a pen and a piece of stationery labelled "From the Pen of Patty." He crosses out "Patty" and writes in "Homer."

HOMER (V.O.)

(AS HE WRITES) "Dear Marge... By the time you read this, I will be gone. It's become clear that your family doesn't want me here."

PATTY (O.S.)

(HOLLERING FROM UPSTAIRS) Shut up with that pen-scratching down there!

HOMER (V.O.)

"You deserve all the finest things in the world. And although I can give them to you, they will be repossessed and I will be hunted down like a dog."

Homer continues writing. We hear his VOICE-OVER.

DISSOLVE
THROUGH:

- A) Homer placing the note next to the sleeping Marge and gently touching the top of her beehive.
- B) Homer quietly leaving the house with a suitcase.
- C) Homer picks up his suitcase and heads down the sidewalk towards the dark horizon.

HOMER (V.O.)

"I will send you every cent I earn
for the baby. But you will not see
me again until I am a man -- a
responsible man who is fit to raise a
family."

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - PRESENT

BART

Hey Homer, can we have a can of
frosting for lunch?

HOMER

Okay.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. BOUVIER HOUSE - MARGE'S ROOM - DAY - 1981

Marge holds Homer's letter and SOBS as her mother and sisters comfort her.

PATTY

There, there, dear. Now that he's
gone I can be honest: I never liked
him.

The others GRUNT assent.

EXT. FUN CENTER - CASTLE HOLE - MIDNIGHT

INT. CASTLE HOLE - CONTINUOUS

Homer is living inside the castle hole. He lies on some
fertilizer sacks, listening to the radio and staring
vacantly at the ceiling. There's a picture of Marge on top
of a crate.

DISC JOCKEY

(CASEY KASEM) Hey, hope you're
rockin' in the New Year with someone
you love. And now the results of our
listener's poll. Number three: The
Rolling Stones; number two: The
Beatles.

SFX: DRUMROLL

DISC JOCKEY (CONT'D)

...And the number one group in rock
'n' roll history... Queen.

We hear the opening DRUMBEATS of "We Will Rock You". Barney
appears at the window, holding a beer. He BURPS and KNOCKS.

BARNEY

Hey, Homer! How's married life, you
old dog?

HOMER

I highly recommend it.

INT. EAT 'N' BLOW - NIGHT

CLOSE UP - HOMER WEARING A "TRAINEE" HAT

WIDEN OUT to show the MANAGER of the Eat 'n' Blow (a
cramped "Jack In The Box"-type drive-thru franchise) giving
him instructions in taco-making.

MANAGER

(BRONSON VOICE) Two seconds of
aerosol cheese...(SPRAYING) One one
thousand, two one thousand... seal it
with the edible mucilage... then five
minutes in the fryer and you have
yourself a taco, my friend.

HOMER

(UNEXCITED) Okay.

INT. EAT 'N' BLOW - CONTINUOUS

Patty and Selma are eating at a table.

PATTY

This taco is full of hair.

SELMA

Uh huh. There's your explanation.

She points to Homer working at the taco machine.

PATTY

(DROPPING TACO) Ahh!

SELMA

Should we tell Marge where he is?

PATTY

Nah. Let her read about it in the
Society page.

INT. BOUVIER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Marge is knitting a baby sweater as the sisters enter.

MARGE

(TURNING) Homer ?! (DISAPPOINTED) Oh.

SELMA

Marge, listen...

PATTY

(HISSES TO SELMA) Don't be stupid.

Selma walks away without saying anything to Marge.

INT. BARNEY'S APARTMENT - MORNING

Homer is sadly watching TV with Barney. The phone **RINGS**.

BARNEY

(ON PHONE) Hello?... Oh, hi, Marge!

Homer gestures and mouths "no".

BARNEY (CONT'D)

No, I don't know where he is. Just a
sec. (PUTS HAND ON MOUTHPIECE) Hey,
Homer, if you're not seeing Marge
would it be okay if I asked her out -

-

HOMER

Gimme that!

Grabs phone, hangs it up.

INT. BOUVIER HOUSE - MARGE'S ROOM - DAY

Marge opens an envelope addressed to her and takes out some bills and some coins that are taped to a card. There is also a note. As Marge reads it we hear Homer's voice-over.

HOMER (V.O.)

Dear Marge, XXX. Homer.

Marge gives a little smile.

EXT. POWER PLANT - MORNING

Walking home from work in his trainee hat and smock, Homer passes the power plant. As the working schmoes trudge through the security checkpoint, Homer stares through the fence like the Little Match Girl. The cooling towers glisten in the morning light. HEAVENLY MUSIC plays.

HOMER

(BITTERLY) Big shots with their
stainless steel lunchboxes... Think
their breath don't stink...

A donut truck DRIVER HONKS at Homer to get out of the way so he can enter.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(AWED) They get donuts?

DRIVER

That's right. (GRANDLY) All the
colors of the rainbow.

HOMER

(SADLY) Wowww.

INT. BOUVIER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - 4:30 A.M.

Marge, in a maternity robe, is looking out the front door. She's in her eighth month. Selma appears behind her.

SELMA

Marge, what are you doing up? You
need your rest, dear.

MARGE

I heard a noise outside and thought
it might be Homer.

Marge continues peering outside. Selma watches her for a
moment, then **SIGHS**.

SELMA

Ah, what the hell. Marge I've got
two-and-a-half words for you. Eat
'N' Blow.

INT. EAT 'N' BLOW - 5:00 A.M.

Homer sleepily munches on onion rings. The sun is about to
come up. We hear a car **SCREECH** to a stop, the drive-thru
bell **RINGS**. Homer pushes the intercom button.

HOMER

(DULLY) Yeah, what do you want?

MARGE

(OVER INTERCOM) My husband by my
side.

HOMER

(AUTOMATICALLY) You want fries with
that?

MARGE (V.O.)

Homer?

HOMER

Marge?

EXT. EAT 'N' BLOW - CONTINUOUS

Marge gets out of the car as Homer runs outside, still holding an onion ring.

MARGE

Homer!

HOMER

Marge!

They hug.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(LOOKS AT HER STOMACH) Holy cow,
you're as big as a house.

MARGE

Homer... Come home with me.

HOMER

(ASHAMED) No, Marge, I just can't. I
mean, look at me. I'm a Trainee... I
have to use the bathroom across the
street... and I can't even buy you a
decent wedding ring.

MARGE

Homer, any ring is fine as long as
it's from you.

Homer looks down at the onion ring in his hand. He slips
it on Marge's finger.

HOMER

For you, Marge.

MARGE

(TOUCHED) Aww...

They exchange the look of love for a few seconds.

MARGE (CONT'D)

Would you mind if I took it off now?

The oil is burning my finger.

HOMER

Oh, sure.

She takes it off and gets back in the car, sucking on her reddened finger.

MARGE

Homer, do you know why I married you?

HOMER

Because I knocked you up?

MARGE

No, because I love you. You're the
most wonderful guy in the world. And
if I'm the only one who knows it,
well, then that's my little secret.

She kisses him and drives off.

CLOSE UP - HOMER

As the music rises, his sad expression changes to one of grim determination. He snatches off his Trainee hat and rips off his smock, shoves them in a trash can, and marches purposefully down the sidewalk.

EXT. POWER PLANT - EARLY MORNING

Homer strides past the booth labeled "SECURITY CHECKPOINT - Must show I.D." The SECURITY GUARD is lost in his own thoughts and pays no attention.

INT. POWER PLANT - BURNS' OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

MR. BURNS is hanging upside down with gravity boots.

BURNS

You know Smithers, they say a minute
of this is equal to ten thousand
situps.

As Burns flips off the bar, Homer **BANGS** the door open.
Burns **STARTS**.

HOMER

You the boss?

BURNS

Yes.

SMITHERS

I'll call security, sir.

Smithers goes for the phone. During the following rant,
Burns' aspect slowly changes.

HOMER

Well, listen to me, Mr. Bigshot... If
you're looking for an employee who'll
always do what you say, I'm the guy.
If you want someone who'll never ask
for a raise, that's me. You can
treat me like dirt and I'll still
kiss your butt and call it ice cream.
And if you don't like it... I can
change!!

BURNS

Hold the phone, Smithers... (TO
HOMER) I like your attitude. Feisty
yet spineless.

HOMER

(JABBING BURNS' CHEST) Whatever you say!

SMITHERS

Sir, this man not only failed the aptitude test, he got trapped in a closet on his way out.

BURNS

Smithers, weren't you listening? This fellow is a gold-medal brown-noser! Attention must be paid.

HOMER

You mean... ?

BURNS

(EXTENDS HAND) Welcome aboard, young man.

HOMER

(QUIETLY) I got the job. (YELLS) I got the job! (TO SMITHERS) I get medical coverage here, right?

SMITHERS

Medical and dental.

HOMER

Whoo hoo!

Homer runs out.

BURNS

Who was that young hellcat, Smithers?

SMITHERS

Homer Simpson, sir.

BURNS

Simpson, eh? I'll remember that
name.

EXT. BOUVIER HOUSE - MORNING

Homer **POUNDS** on the Bouvier front door.

HOMER

Marge!... Marge!...

Marge's mother opens the door.

MOTHER

You're a little late. She's gone to
the hospital.

HOMER

Hospital?

MOTHER

(GRUDGING) I'll drive you.

HOMER

(GRATEFUL) Thanks mom.

MOTHER

Don't ever call me that.

EXT. HIGHWAY - MINUTES LATER

As traffic **ZOOMS** by, the Bouvier car pokes along at about 5
MPH.

INT. BOUVIER CAR - CONTINUOUS

Marge's mother hunches over the steering wheel. Homer is
in the passenger seat.

HOMER

(MOANING) Why are you driving so
slow?

MOTHER

Because I'm an old lady.

INT. HOSPITAL - DELIVERY ROOM - LATER

Homer **BURSTS** into the room. Marge is in bed, the sisters
and Dr. Hibbert are also there.

HOMER

Marge! Marge, where's the baby?

PATTY

(POINTS AT MARGE'S STOMACH) Right
where you left it.

HOMER

Shut up!

PATTY

Hey, listen fatboy --

HOMER

No, you listen! This is my wife and
this is my kid, and I'm paying for
this delivery, so if you want to
stay, you better give me some
respect!

MARGE

Homer, does this mean --

HOMER

Starting tomorrow, I'm a nuclear
technician!

DR. HIBBERT

(QUIETLY) Good God.

HOMER

And tomorrow morning, I'm gonna buy
your ring back! Then I'm going
house-hunting! And to the dentist!

MARGE

But doesn't your job start tomorrow?

HOMER

Eh, someone'll cover for me.

MARGE

Homer, that's wonderful -- (LABOR
PAIN) Ohh!

HOMER

(ROLLING UP SLEEVES) Step aside!
I'll deliver this baby!

DR. HIBBERT

Uh, why don't you let me handle it,
Homer?

HOMER

All right! But there better not be
any slip-ups!

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER

Marge looks tired but happy. Homer holds baby Bart.

MARGE

Homie, isn't he beautiful?

HOMER

Hey, as long as he's got eight
fingers and eight toes, he's fine by
me. (LOOKING AT BART) Hey, what are
we gonna call him?

During the following, Bart's little baby fist reaches into
Homer's shirt pocket and removes his lighter.

MARGE

Well, how about Bart?

HOMER

Let's see, Bart, Cart, Dart, Ee-
art... Nope, can't see any problem
with that.

SFX: CIGARETTE LIGHTER

Smoke drifts by Homer's face. He looks down and sees that
his tie is on fire. He **SHRIEKS** and sticks it in the water
pitcher.

HOMER

(TO BART) Why you little... He did
that on purpose!

MARGE

Homer, how could he? He's only ten
minutes old.

HOMER

Then how come he's smiling?

CLOSE UP ON - GRINNING BABY BART

MARGE

Gas?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SIMPSON HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - PRESENT DAY

Homer has a happy, dreamy expression. He looks over at the kids.

HOMER

Bart, Lisa. Come here for a
moment...

Bart and Lisa climb up next to him. Homer picks up Maggie and puts his arm around Bart.

HOMER (CONT'D)

(WARMLY) Y'know, son, the day you
were born I received the greatest
gift a man could have.

Bart beams. Homer puts his other arm around Lisa.

HOMER (CONT'D)

As the years went by, your mother and
I were blessed twice more.

Lisa beams, Maggie **SUCKS** her pacifier appreciatively.

HOMER (CONT'D)

And not a day goes by that we don't
thank God for all three of you.

Marge walks in.

MARGE

Homer, I'm not pregnant.

HOMER

(EXULTANT) Yeah!!!

Homer and Marge exchange a leaping high five.

FADE OUT.

THE END